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## SYSTEMS OF REFORM.

All admit that the world needs to be reformed. Every one feels that it is not what it should be,—that there is much that is wrong and destructive in man, in society and in government. We see in man a vast amount of sin, vice and crime. We see him raising his puny, impious arm in defiance to the mighty God, cherishing within himself a horde of evil passions, that serpent-like dart their venom into the breast that nourishes them: or giving loose rein to his propensities and desires, spreading ruin, misery and death every where around him.

In society we behold “pride, bitterness” and selfishness. On the one hand, the pride of rank founded upon birth, wealth and influence raising man above his fellows; on the other the bitterness of penury, growing out of indolence and oppression, degrading man lower than the brute; and on both, accursed selfishness that curbs every generous impulse, freezes every warm emotion, dries up every spring of benevolence and brotherly kindness, and deafens the ear to every cry of suffering humanity.

In government we perceive tyranny and oppression,—the tyranny of rulers and privileged classes, arrogating to themselves the divine right to command, and exacting from their

less fortunate brethren, the most servile and humiliating submission.

But men not only feel the necessity of reform, but they are conscious that it can and will be effected. And this feeling is not confined to a few, but extends to all classes and conditions of men. It is a striking characteristic of the race,—a sure presage of the dawn of that happy and glorious day in which “the people shall all be righteous.” To be convinced of this, we have only to look at the vast number of systems of reform that are every where springing up. The great problem of the nineteenth century seems to be, “how can we abolish misery, and make the world a second paradise.” Many solutions have been proposed. Every day gives birth to some new scheme for decreasing the amount of evil, and securing to man a heritage of peace and happiness. But among so many plans of amelioration, we are sorry to find so few that can ever benefit, and so many that will only make man worse,—the very means designed for his rescue becoming powerful engines for forging still tighter the chains of his moral servitude.

It is our design to consider some of these systems and show wherein we think they are defective. The educational system, as it may be called, has met with much favor in all ages of the world, constituting in a greater or less degree a part of every other scheme. It has found its way even into the church, and incorporated with the purer principles of the gospel, greatly retarded the progress of the only true plan for the restoration of fallen man. Sin is regarded as being only a consequence of ignorance, and to be removed by the cultivation of the intellect and the enlargement of the mind. There is much plausibility in this doctrine. As a historical fact, the most ignorant nations are the most vicious and degraded, approximate nearest the brute creation; while on the other hand, the most enlightened rise next in stature to the “giant man.” That the advancement of knowledge has much to do with this difference of condition cannot be denied. It of course elevates man, works upon his self-love and desire for approbation, and calls into exercise many of his higher and better qualities; but that it is utterly powerless

to make him holy, all history is pregnant with proof. The mere knowledge of truth has no power to cause man to pursue any course of action, if all his inclinations urge him in an opposite direction; nor can even the belief in a God, the immortality of the soul, or future rewards and punishments, ever make him better so long as his whole nature is averse to their influence. The affections must first be made to move in a corresponding channel, before he will ever act in accordance with the teachings of his intellect; and this system provides nothing for accomplishing this effect.

A system very similar to this, is becoming of late years very popular in some sections of our country. Phrenology is made the only guide of duty, and the infallible interpreter of the book of God; while Mesmerism and Rochester knockings are the sources of communication with spirits of both higher and lower orders, by whom hidden things, past, present and future, are brought to light. The design of this system is to do away with all moral accountability, and establish the supremacy of the will and intellect; while the inevitable tendency is not to make good men, but intellectual monsters such as "Milton so graphically describes in his poetical history of the fallen angels." To say that these are merely humbugs is not enough. In the hands of men who throw around them the charm of mystery, and all the fascinations of rhetoric and eloquence they are positively injurious. Weak minded persons, whose "imagination is inflamed by intellectual stimulants not counteracted by Christian principles" become the victims of their devilish schemes; and as a consequence, cases of hopeless insanity or awful suicide are of daily occurrence.

Another popular system is founded upon the supposition that all evil is occasioned by the improper organization of society. Accordingly the socialist would reconstruct the whole fabric upon the principle of universal equality. Individual rights to property are to be taken away, and every thing necessary for the support of life, and the gratification of man's desires to be in common: every one is to be permitted to follow the bent of his inclinations and do whatever "seems right in his own eyes." With society

thus organized he confidently expects crime and misery to wing their eternal flight, and peace and happiness enter the dwellings of every Hopedale and New Harmony. But is it true that society is the cause of evil? It may aggravate, but can it ever create sin? Society is not something over which man has no control—an implacable tyrant imposing arbitrary obligations and exacting obedience at all hazards; but in the sense here meant is only the customs and usages which arise out of the congregation of social beings. Its character is a general expression of the sentiments and feelings of the whole people, and if this be bad, the cause will of necessity be found in man himself. Here is the fountain which unless cleansed, will under any and every form of society send forth streams of impurity and death, to defile and desolate the world. This system will therefore disappoint the fond hopes of its advocates. It may do among angels, but "man's irreligion and selfishness" will ever destroy its efficiency in this wicked world.

Socialism is the great bane of all democratic governments. The professed equality which exists in political relations, excites desires for levelling all distinctions, and destroying every exclusive privilege. And though we may have not suffered much, yet surely the rapid strides which it is making in some of our Northern and Western states, should give us cause for alarm, lest we should become as inefficient and as liable to anarchy and civil war as the republic of France.

We have more to fear however from another class of reformers, who at the present time are "moving heaven and earth" to accomplish their designs. I mean the abolitionists. Supposing the existence of slavery to be a "dreadful wrong"—"a God-abhorred sin," they would abolish it, regardless of all consequences. With boisterous voices we hear them from every quarter exclaiming "Fiat justitia, ruet coelum." Governed by a "higher law," they place at defiance all civil enactments, and would willingly destroy the great safeguard of our happiness and prosperity. They would strike a deadly blow at all our civil and religious liberty; and raze to the ground the most beautiful fabric of human government that has ever existed. They have made "dis-

union" to become almost a household word: among a people too, who a few years ago never imagined that "the sun in his course would ever shine upon a land more free, more happy, more lovely than" their own. Knowing well the frailty of human nature, charity would incline us to put the best construction possible upon their motives; still we cannot believe they are prompted only by sympathy for the blacks; especially when they are headed by men *imported* from a country whose maternal eye has long been fixed with a jealous gaze upon the prosperity of her degenerate daughter.

We shall consider but one other system, and that gives to government the power of effecting a moral reform: and this no doubt is one cause of the struggles for free governments. Under its influence the kingdoms of the old world are crumbling away, and soon the whole fabric of monarchy and despotism will fall to rise no more. We rejoice to see it, and hail with gladness the brilliant triumphs of liberty; but we fear, the fond hopes of many a warm and patriotic heart are doomed to bitter disappointment. We admit that free institutions are the best, that under their influence "it may be easiest to do what is right, and most difficult to do what is wrong," but were they ten-fold better they could never cure the real malady of our race. Social and political changes may produce differences of better or worse; may tend to elevate or degrade man, to arouse and call into vigorous activity many of his nobler powers, or suppress and smother them beneath the incubus of ignorance and superstition, but their best effects are only partial and temporary. Sin is not only the result, but is essentially included in estrangement from God. All his feelings and inclinations are driving him away from holiness and virtue. To reform him, the mighty current of his affections must be turned around, and made to flow with the same force and rapidity in the opposite direction. And this man cannot do, society cannot do, government cannot do. The omnipotence of God only can do it.

But if these and like systems fail, will the world never be reformed. Will this routine of selfishness and oppression go on forever, or may we not descry in the "visions of hope," some

period when all wrong will be banished, and right assumed its place. Assuredly we may. The promises of Jehovah stand sure.

"Thy people shall be all righteous,  
Forever shall they possess the land;  
The scion of my planting,  
The work of my hands that I may be glorified;  
The little one shall become a thousand,  
And the small one a strong nation;  
I Jehovah will hasten it in the proper time."

Till then, men may propose their plans, and develop their fine spun theories, in vain. The work is for God alone to accomplish, and only in his own good time.

But even these fruitless attempts are not without their use and meaning in the great chain of providences. God is no doubt permitting man to use every means within his power, to exhaust all his resources. When these fail, and man acknowledges his inability, will He exert his power and show to all nations that he is God alone.

## LINES ON THE HOME OF MRS. HEMANS.

RHYLLON.

What wonder that she was inspired  
In such a sweet secluded place,  
Where nature with a lavish hand  
Has scattered many a rural grace;  
The summer sun-light through the trees  
Falls with a solemn, softened gleam,  
And faintly to the ear is borne  
The silver music of the stream,  
That down through yonder glassy glade  
Wanders amid the cool green shade.  
Sweetly upon the summer air  
Is flung the perfume of the flower  
That grows along the velvet turf  
And in the garden's shadowy bower;  
What marvel that the muse of song  
Lingered, this lovely spot around  
Its gentle dweller to inspire

With fancy's touch, and gleam of fire.  
How purely peaceful life must flow  
In such a sylvan spot as this ;  
No bustle from the outer world,  
To mar the spirit's quiet bliss ;  
The whisper of the wandering breeze  
Amid the dark o'er hanging trees,  
The joyous music of some bird  
Deep in their twilight dimness heard,  
And the low song the streamlets make  
Are all that on the silence break.  
When o'er the soft and glowing sky  
Night has her starry mantle thrown,  
Here mid these deep delicious groves  
Floats many a low and tender tone ;  
The night-bird's sweet and silver song  
Steals on the midnight breeze along ;  
Soft music from the garden bowers  
Float on the balmy air away,  
Like breathings from a flower's pure heart  
Or music from a wandering Jay.

Fled is the lovely soul that once  
Lingered within this quiet spot,  
But the sweet song with which she filled  
So many hearts is not forgot.  
Peace to her memory, it will rest  
Long in each soul a cherished guest.

T.

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### RANDOM THOUGHTS.

" The dreams for which men love to live,  
Or dare to die; the gilded cloud  
Of glory for a tomb I'd give,  
For silence and a shroud."

Thus sang the poet Byron, and who is there that has not, in his more sober hours, turned with joy from the vanities and vexations of this motley world, to contemplate the security of that refuge which the grave offers to the weary sons of earth ? Some men, nay, at times, all men, shrink back from the idea of the

grave,—its smothering closeness, its lonely darkness, presses heavily upon the heart, and instinctively they recoil from this last couch of transient and ephemeral man. Death is called man's last enemy, but to thousands he is the messenger of Love,—the harbinger of peaceful rest. Here the heart-broken sufferer finds a release from the torturing memories that made life a burden, and alunders as soundly in the grave as if he never knew what it was to sow the generous seeds of love and confidence and reap the bitter harvest of distrust and treachery. Sometimes the grave is a hateful thing, when it receives into its silent embraces, one around whom the holiest affections of our nature clustered—one in whose life our very being centered, whose departure filled our hearts with the anguish all men have known when the idol of their souls—the object of their tenderest love, is laid in the cold earth, to be seen no more by them. It is a terrible thing to feel the heart grow cold and the sternness of despair fill the voice, made by the loss of our best beloved, to think that the rude hands of the Sexton have covered with the heavy earth the form so often clasped in our embrace, that the lips so often fondly pressed to ours, are now the food of the horrible earth worms, that the hands that once delighted to caress our fevered brow are nerveless in the dust. But it is idle, to attempt to portray the exquisite anguish of a heart bereaved of love, of sympathy, of tenderness. Who has not known by bitter experience what it is to see the one he loved the best, consigned to the remorseless grave? Let each one read the records of the past and he will understand what we would say, but cannot.

But the grave is humbling too. Among the living are distinctions, that separate between those whom God made equal—that consign to fruitless toil and hopeless effort, the down trodden millions of the earth and raise above (?) our sweet humanity the few. The man of wealth,—the titled representative of nobles who fostered feelings of dissociation from his kind, and looked down upon the masses whose labors furnished the luxuries he enjoyed, as if they were beings created for his sport, and advantage, descends into the grave—stripped of his



ribbons and insignia of nobility—naked as when he entered the world. In death all distinctions cease. His dust may be enclosed in a splendid coffin, but all-destroying time breaks down the barriers of pride and mingles his clay with the dust of clowns and the ashes of his own bondmen. The lying marble may strive to perpetuate his name and distinctions, but the marble crumbles, and the men of after times rake up his bones, and wonder what manner of man was he whose very resting place had been forgotten. The statesman dies, and all the honors, he had garnered, depart from him to gild the eager expectant that steps into the dead man's place. He is soon forgotten, as far as regards affectionate remembrance, and they who called themselves his friends, turn from his corpse to pay their court to his successor. The heartless parasites that lived upon his substance, whisper to each other "The live dog is better than the dead lion," and seek to gain the favor of the dog by slandering the memory of the lion.

And here too the blood stained conqueror finds his common level. His eagles may have flashed along the Nile, and his cohorts tracked the virgin snows of the Alpine heights, but while thrones trembled before him, and nations stood aghast at his mighty strides towards universal conquest, the grave opened before him, and arrested in the midst of his triumphs, he dropped the sword, and muffled up his face in the tattered folds of his victorious flag, he died and the world rejoiced. What now are his conquests? mere facts in history, remembered only as men remember the terrible earthquake that razed their cities, or the pestilence that depopulated nations. What honor is paid him? The rustic points out with his heel the grave of Cæsar, and the ruthless speculator steals his scull to exhibit it for a penny.

Again, the grave unfolds a mighty mystery, and opens to the mind the solemn future,—terrible in its awful stillness, and its tremendous uncertainty. This narrow portal is the entrance to the shadowy world that lies beyond the ken of mortal vision. This is the stern initiatory ordeal we trembling sons of Adam must pass to reach the high destiny marked out for us, in the ordination of the Almighty Father.

It is a fearful step to take, but the light of Faith, reveals to us a hand stretched out to aid the trembler. Supported by this Hand, we may venture upon the solemn ceremonies that await us. But even with that Hand to support us we enter tremblingly into the gloom. The enthusiast excited by powerful religious influence, the suicide crazed by sad reverses,—the soldier maddened by the rush and whirl of the battlefield may sneer at him who trembles at the call to enter another world, but where lives the man who calmly contemplating the life to come, can avoid the shrinking terror that steals into his heart, when he feels the shadows of the spirit land falling upon him. The terrible uncertainty that enshrouds this future life fills our hearts with fearful misgivings. "Men" says Bacon "fear to die as children fear to go into the dark," and one of the bravest men that ever lived said, "all men are cowards in the dark." Men of giant minds, the master spirits of the world, strong in an enlightened faith, have just as they passed the portals, indulged in inquiries that show it is a solemn thing to die.

And how comes it we are ignorant of the world to which we are all hastening? It must be, that knowledge would be hurtful to us. This is argued conclusively from the fact that so much ignorance exists, and exists necessarily by appointment of the Infinite Father. We are silenced but not satisfied, and making the revelations of Scripture our basis, we build, each for himself, a theory suited to his wishes. We project charts of the spiritual world after the manner of the "illustrious Swede," but after all we are not content. In the wide fields of the future, men roam in search of facts that man, as he is, can never attain to. And we delight to do so, for here no maxims of demonstrative science, no stubborn facts based on actual experiment, restrain the exuberance of our invention; or demolish the beautiful fabrics we rear. Knowing nothing we imagine everything, and rest in wild speculation until the messenger comes to unseal our vision and expose our folly, by showing us the tremendous realities that mortal eye has never seen and that have baffled the wisdom of man's philosophy.

## KNOX.

The ceremony of the scape-goat, on whom were laid the iniquities of the people and he was sent into the Wilderness, is not peculiar to the Jewish Theocracy. All nations, eras, and organizations have presented one devoted head, to whose account every error is to be reckoned, against whom is to be levelled every curse prompted by their incident or ensuing evils: and though a discriminating and impartial judgment may pronounce them whitest of the flock, the prejudices of education, or certain indefinite impressions that we cannot trace, are with the mass an effectual bar to any such decision. Probably none better exemplifies this proposition than the apostle of the Scottish Reformation.

For his life, if there be any sympathy of the heart in the vicissitudes of its fellow, any instruction in example, it is well worth our study: marked by no gleams of gigantic intellect, no brilliancy of genius, but by magnanimity and earnestness, by fearlessness and faith. It was a dark, impetuous river, for it flowed in the shadow of mountains, and among their gorges: but spread at intervals into placid lakes, more beautiful from the presence of a softened sorrow, curtaining it like willows on the shore: a heavy, beclouded ocean, with flecks of sunlight upon its distant waters, solemn, stormy, fathomless, too deep for foamy waves. His call to a leadership in the Covenant Hosts was in the hour of battle and the castle of St. Andrews; with tears and prayer he unfurled their flag, and from that moment it lifted freer, it flapped louder in the wind, till its folds floated over the towers of Holyrood, and its sound awoke the echoes of Scotland's palace halls.

Forced from the scene of conflict, it was not until he had planted the standard upon the Highland hills, shouted its watchword, "The Lord our righteousness," in every glen, and lit in many a manse and Kirkyard, a flame that like the emblem on their banner, the burning bush of Horeb, betokened that the place was sacred, that God was there. It was no light n a

then to assure the championship of religious freedom : many a saint had fallen at that post in martyrdom : and even as Knox buckled on his armor, came the bitterest trial upon him that humanity can endure. There is a rapture in battle, an intoxication in the whirl of squadrons and the thunder of war, a joy of self-reliance even in defeat, a pride in the schemes of an iron will, thwarted or successful ; an exhilaration in any form of doing : but he that must suffer in silence and fetters, hath need of a soul of sterner mould, an influx of higher power, a grasp of mightier trust upon compensative Providence. Oh the soreness of beholding every aspiration toward lofty deeds crushed in the bud, of long years of monotonous endurance when he had hoped for defiant action : of sickening labor at the galley-oar and that in sight of the very land he burned to deliver, of the very castle when he had opened before him the steep, but heavenward path of Reform ! Faith, this was thy triumph ! The Fanaticism that could so support its votary must be of stouter stuff than dreams are made of : the spirit of Galileo, of Tasso, of Anaxagoras, for they were all madmen : of our Saviour, for he had a devil. So it is : to every soul that recognises its mission and awakes to fulfil it, whether Paul or Rienzi or Francis of Assisi or Sartor Resartus, is imputed frenzy as a motive, the moon for a patron saint.

In the lapse of years, the young and pious Edward ascended the throne of England, and at his earnest intercession the galley-slave was released. And now, unseduced by the pageantry of a splendid court, unawed by the resistance of a brilliant and desperate clergy, he spurned the offers of rich livings and bishoprics, blew his trumpet at the gates of the nobility and whispered the consolations of holiness in the cottages of the poor : and when Edward slept in the city of his ancestral kings, and the torch of persecution was applied to the vessel of ecclesiastical liberty, the last on board, lingering at the helm, plunged he then into the waves and struck for Calvin's distant pennant, waving over the Genevese Republic, in security and in welcome to the refugees of every land. Once again he returned to Scotland, once again was exiled to Geneva, and a long Sabbath

dawned upon his weary way. Peace was there, and rest : Christian literature was there, and in the converse of the fraternal living and the venerable dead, oblivion of the sorrowful past : love was there, and the ennobling joy of forgiveness. "My brethren," runs his epistle to his scattered flock, "two things ye must avoid : that ye presume not to be revengers of your own cause, but resign vengeance to Him who only can requite : Secondly, that ye hate not your enemies with any carnal hatred, but learn of Christ to pray for your persecutors. The patient abiding of the sore afflicted was never yet confounded."

But this was not his mission, to whose duties the voice of God, conscience and his country called him. A tumult followed his return, excited by the sentence of outlawry past upon him, and his own spiritual advice and bodily presence were unable to quell the indignant citizens. The nation was awake : the mob that burst over him to the sacking of church and monastery was the convulsive symptom of an earthquake : the voice of revolution was "Vox Populi, Vox Dei," and as it swelled "from John O'Groat's to Airlie," from Clyde to Inverness, deep with the wrath of intolerable wrong, wild with the blood of martyrs crying for vengeance, the lifted prayers of an aroused people pleading for freedom, it had been a mockery of the Gospel, an insult to him who constituted society in the inalienable right of self-government, to inculcate a peace which was no peace, but legalised murder by a French army.

In pastoral duty and enjoyment, in consolidating the basis and fabric of Reform, he passed his time till another queen ascended the throne of Scotland, Mary Stuart. And now we are to draw a veil across the scene, lest manhood weep, if not petrified by its Gorgon horrors. But we lift the curtain, and what is the nucleus of this historical tragedy ? Her tears were the tears of disappointed revenge, when her own council pronounced the Reformer guiltless : her gentle chidings were in terms like these, "Who are you that presume to teach the nobility and royalty of this realm ?" "A subject," is his answer. Her simple request that his admonitions might be in private was made by pulling him from his bed before the Privy Council, and his insults consist in

applying to her the name of Jezebel. It may be well for these advocates of toleration to remember that in discharge of the same office which Knox now held, the apostle of love and charity, the affectionate hermit of Patmos, branded with this identical title the woman of Thyatira, who it was that scourged the money-changers from the temple, and greeted the Pharisees and Scribes as a generation of vipers, waiting himself in immaculate meekness for his sacrifice. Let it be remembered that the queen was a pupil of the heroes of Vassy and St. Bartholomews festal massacre, pledged formally and in writing to renew an ecclesiastical despotism, with the uttered and avowed hope in one year by force to reunite the church and state in their ancient bonds, and her seal beside those of France and Spain upon a league which was to be the death-warrant of half her subjects: were smooth words and courtly phrases the weapons to win in this battle? Pronounce upon the Reformer "Guilty or Not Guilty!"—of insolence; for be it remembered, this is his only crime, as set forth by the great historian of our mother-country. Her beauty and melancholy fate have nothing to do with the question. The nation that had drained its very life-blood to purchase liberty of conscience, was not to submit to enthralment because urged by a musical voice and pearly teeth, and it did not.

And Knox was in every sense his country's keeper: "possessed," says Hume, "of uncontrolled authority in the church and in the civil affairs of the nation:" how came that cautious people, that turbulent nobility, Morton, Murray and the Hamiltons, talented, powerful and ambitious, with one voice to proclaim a fanatical priest the representative and champion of their undisciplined hosts? Says another, "Knox was the constitutional opposition party of Scotland:" he stood in this capacity before his sovereign: himself clad in the majesty of right and the nation; she in the majesty of royalty and French armies: he in the commission of his countrymen; upon every hillside still whitening and blackening the mouldering bones and smoking ashes of his martyred, murdered friends; their children calling on him to stand for Truth and Freedom this day; the struggle

was to be decisive, and nobly did he win it. And even then, two hundred years of blood and battle did not suffice to consummate the triumph, till Chalmers made the final charge upon Establishment, and the First Free Assembly lifted its opening psalm :

“God is our refuge and our strength.”

It has been said that in his autobiography, Knox boasts of having made Queen Mary weep. This is an entire mistake. Would that all who have made the assertion had read the book from which they pretend to quote ! they would have arisen from its leaves imbued with a holier meekness, a deeper charity, sadder and better men. Over its rough pages a *man* may weep—like fountains in the desert-rock, spring up genial, kindly affections in his iron soul, and touching as the wail of Indian lions for their young is the subdued sorrow that overhangs his wild, giant heart.

Whether we acquit or condemn him of treason to the court of beauty, matters not to him. “Wo unto you,” had his master said, “when all men shall speak well of you.” Had he from the other world one earthly aspiration, it might be satisfied in the love and honor of the nation that calls him Saviour. He died in peace and joy, easily and triumphantly. As the 24th of November merged into the morrow, he murmured, “It is come.” His servant asked him of his trust and hope, and though death had sealed his lips, he lifted heavenward his hand : the silver cord was loosed, and so, at the meeting of night and morning, he ascended to the day that hath no shadows nor nightfall, to the Sabbath eternal. Rest of God, may all the weary so find thee ! The river had flowed from mortal view into the mists of the Valley, but by the light that trembled on its bosom as it disappeared, they knew that it was now sparkling through the heavenly plains and mingling forever with the river from the throne the life of earth swallowed in the life everlasting. The dust was dust, the spirit was spirit ; the hero in heaven, the nation in tears : and its fierce regent, the Earl of Morton, startled the silent mourners by his grave, exclaiming : “There lies one who never feared the face of man ; whose life hath been sought with dog and dagger, yet who ended his days in peace and honor, for a kind Providence overwatched him, when his enemies would compass his death.”

## PRAYER OF THE FALLEN.

God of the broad and glorious heaven,  
And this green earth, to Thee I cry;  
To Thee the orphan's prayer is given,  
To Thee I lift the streaming eye;  
From Thy blest courts that shine on high  
I know Thy ear can still incline;  
When men forsake, then Thou art nigh  
And I, though loathed and lost, am Thine.

Oh, turn not from the sufferer's prayer,  
One smile upon Thy wayward child;  
Oh, long this woe I cannot bear,  
Oh, my poor brain is running wild!  
My heart is freezing, and a strange,  
Mysterious sense of hovering ill,  
Comes o'er me like that awful change,  
Which over all must have its will.

My father spurned me from his door,  
I plunged into the murky night;  
I wandered on the wave-beat shore,  
I climbed the mountain's dizzy height;  
Sweet angels whispered in my ear,  
The winds sobbed round me sore and sad;  
I made no moan, I dropt no tear,  
Oh Christ! Thy child was mad, was mad.

Roll on, roll on, thou howling storm!  
Beat wilder still, thou arrowy blast,  
On this torn breast and wasted form  
Amain your thickening fury cast!  
Yet your strong tones have less of fear  
Than those beneath whose ban I die,  
For in your awful mirth I hear  
A moan for one so lost as I.

God of the storm! in whom of old,  
The holy martyrs put their trust;  
Whose hands the winds and billows hold,  
I know Thy ways though dark, are just;  
Still would my soul Thy ends fulfil,  
How deep my doom, where'er I roam,  
But oh, if such Thy sovereign will,  
Receive the weary wanderer home.



I hear the mingling bells proclaim  
The advent of the Blessed Lord;  
O that the lips which breathe his name  
For me had but one soothing word!  
That gentle eyes a tear might show  
For one of hope and solace shorn,  
But woman's hand is first to throw  
The withering, deadly shaft of scorn.

In yon high hall whose dazzling lights  
Flash o'er a splendid scene within,  
Partaker of its wild delights,  
A sharer in the revel's din;  
Is one within whose dark, deep eyes,  
And tones like those the angels know,  
An eloquence of passion lies,  
That hurled me to this deep of woe.

High dames their fervent praise bestow,  
Fair maids exchange the sunny glance;  
As, chained by music's silver flow,  
They float adown the mazy dance;  
I would not that Thy hand should fall  
On him to wake one throb of pain;  
One mournful thought of me recall,  
Oh God, my poor, bewildered brain!

My babe, my babe, whose fading eye,  
A few more hours shall make divine;  
I joy that thou so soon wilt fly  
To lands where kinder seasons shine;  
No ruffian hand on thee, my flower,  
The mildew of the heart shall bring;  
The scorner's art no more hath power,  
Where thou shalt fold thy infant wing.

A shudder creeps along my veins,  
A mortal faintness clogs my breath,  
A mighty fear my senses chains,  
And a voice whispers "this is death;"  
My eyes are dim, my heart is numb,  
One fleeting pang my soul shall free!  
The homeless, loathed and vile, I come,  
God of the quick and dead to Thee.

H.

## TO THE MUSIC SPIRIT.

Who may speak thy power, oh mighty wizard? who define the limits of thy sway? From the far frozen north, to the burning climes of the south, over all things animate and inanimate, thou holdest dominion, and none may question thy right, or wrest from thee thy sceptre. Thou comest not in the mailed panoply of the stern warrior, or by force of might to rule over the hearts of men; but with sweet and gentle influences that they may not withstand, thou winnest thy way; as the Alpine glacier resists unmoved the tempests of winter but "weeps itself away beneath the kisses of the summer sun." Proteus like thou changest ever the guise of thy coming; thou blindest thyself with the first loved tones that lull the slumbers of our infancy, and with the sad requiem wailing over the departed, waking thoughts of bitter bereavement, that mingle with high and holy hopes of another meeting. Thou hidest 'mid the forest shades, and we know that thou art near by the gushings of untutored melody from tiny throats, rejoicing in a world of happy life, which God has bestowed; thou art betrayed too in the whispering breeze that floats among the branches, and the leaves turn to greet thy presence, while the tree tops sway to and fro in graceful homage. We catch the sound of thy voice in the little brook rippling over its pebbly bed, full of life and glee; and in the deep thunder tones of the mighty cataract, thou art ever improvising a hymn of praise to him who "ruleth and reigneth above the heavens." We see thee not, but we know thy power and feel thy presence: we invoke thy aid amid festive scenes, where eyes grow brighter, and hearts beat quicker as thy breathings fall upon the ear, speaking of joy and happiness, and filling the soul with sweet and tender emotions—for thou, bright spirit! art eloquent with all of these. Skillfully dost thou touch the chords of that wonderful instrument the human heart, calling forth responsive echoes, as thy tones strike its thousand strings. If joy is thy theme, glad visions rise to prove thy potency! if sorrow, there breaks forth a sad wail in unison with thine; Love

stirs its profoundest depths, and wakens sleeping memories; Passion rudely strikes the chords, and discordant notes are roused like the sweeping of the tempest wind among the leafless branches of winter. We hear thee at the still night hour, floating from afar across the waters, or echoing on the moonlit air, and the wrapt heart thrills beneath thy mysterious touch, and silently acknowledges thy power. Listen to that plaintive strain! 'tis but a simple melody, yet the heart of the proud man, on hearing it, melts, for it is one often heard in his childhood's home, ere the shadows and corroding cares of time had fallen upon him, leaving their impress upon his brow and within his spirit. Ah! it brings back memories that have been hidden beneath the rubbish of the world, thoughts of a home where loved ones dwelt, now parted from him, some by a weary space, others by the darkness of the tomb; and he would fain be a child once more, free from care, from sorrow, and from sin. Bright, beautiful, enchanting spirit! how can we best pay our offerings at thy shrine, how best render thee the homage thou well deservest? Is it by attuning the "inward ear" to catch thy lightest whisper, to recognise thy voice among myriad disturbing voices of earth, that oft strive to drown thine own? Is it thus we shall prepare ourselves to hear thy purer harmonies and to listen, when these earthly caskets no longer imprison the heaven born gem, to the angelic voices that hymn the praises of our God, and more than all to join with grateful hearts in the self same song forever? For thou, too, art not of earth alone! we know thy realm is here, but thou art an emanation from heaven itself. Thy home is there; and though longing for that purer air, yet lovingly thou lingerest among the abodes of men, to add to their happiness throughout their pilgrimage. Thanks for thy kind ministry, for thy unwearying love; and thanks be to him who sent thee forth, to be to us all that thou art, "a thing of joy forever."

E.

## A FRAGMENT.

The soul hath changeful dreams and images  
 Of transient, fleeting beauty; caught, perchance,  
 From some dim glimpse, some stray and struggling beam  
 Wand'ring from realms ethereal, where the blight  
 Of earthliness is absent, and the bloom  
 Of loveliness untarnished ever dwells.—  
 Such visions sure are heavenly; for earth,  
 In all its range of bright and glorious things—  
 Its shapes of symmetry, and witching forms  
 That hold the senses captive, never yet  
 Hath realized the faintest of their charms.  
 Earth never can; but, in the rosy clime,  
 Whither the clogged yet longing spirit tends,—  
 Too oft unconscious of the secret power  
 Urging its upward flight—those fitful gleams  
 Of startling glory, bright but undefined—  
 Those angel-faces all too dimly seen,  
 Yet seen, still unforgotten—those sweet smiles  
 Wooing the yielding soul to love intense,  
 Yet passionless, such as earth knows not of—  
 Those eyes of tenderness too deep for thought,  
 Of mild celestial radiance, half suffused  
 With the pure, pangless tear *Affection* sheds,  
 For very sorrow that it hath not power  
 To bless its objects with a deeper joy;—  
 All these, in Heaven, shall greet the raptured soul—  
 Not dim and shadowy, but *living* forms,  
 Bright as the untold things eye hath not seen,  
 Nor heart of man conceived!

And yet men err—

Err often deeming that some heavenly dream,—  
 Some radiant vision caught from other worlds,  
 May spring to immature reality  
 On earth's ungenial sphere, Ideal forms,  
 Glowing with stainless charms, allure their search;  
 And o'er the saddest, wildest paths of life  
 They seek the footprints of a *beauteous thought*,  
 That hath no tangible embodiment,  
 Save in its own bright realm beyond the stars—  
 Seek and are disappointed, till, at last,  
 Sick of the fruitless chase, they turn aside,  
 Deeming life's purpose foiled and look in scorn  
 Upon all other good and holy things  
 That Heaven's diffusive bounty hath dispensed,  
 To glad the care-chilled heart, and cheer the path  
 That leads to brighter regions.

## YOUTHFUL ESSAYS.

To be classed and designated by a peculiar name is always a mark of distinction of some kind or other. Such distinction has long been awarded to young writers, but what is not so flattering, rather on account of notorious faults than remarkable excellencies. In a criticism which seems intended to display no merit in a work than its patient endurance of abuse, the detractor aims to cap the climax of denunciation by calling his victim a "juvenile production." We would like to know on what grounds it is presumed that nothing worse can be said of a composition than to compare it to the effusion of some unfledged scribbler; and we therefore institute an inquiry into the justice of the various objections alledged against this class of those that handle the pen of the writer. "First of all," they say "the young essayist lays the foundation for his grandiloquent bursts by selecting a subject of transcendental unintelligibility. Mystery, awe, amazement, must be roused by the very title of his work. The Arcana of Vitality, the Sepulchre of Centuries, the Ideality of Ethereal Essence, or something equally full of meaning and suggestion is spread out as the magic carpet which is to transport him at pleasure from the city of Extravaganza to the wilderness of Absurdity, and finally land him safe on the plain of Indefiniteness. Thus equipped he begins his daring flights, now striking his head against the stars and now plunging to the bottom of the sea. Whatever is so fortunate as to serve him for a theme, becomes for the time the master influence of the world, the object unrivaled in dignity and importance. And in order to display it to others in the same magnified view he calls up the wildest images creation affords. Often too, his figures and similes are chosen rather from prepossessed fancy for them than for any fitness for the purposes of illustration. The same would have been brought in though the subject had been an entirely different one. But these irregular capers of the imagination might be excused if they were in any way connected, or tended to any definite conclusion. So far from this, you will see one

high-sounding period follow another with so little unity that you can discover neither point nor line. The sentences themselves seem each to have broken in the middle and the fragments to have gone over to those of the adjacent sentences, thus forming a new middle out of two primitive extremities and leaving the raw fractured ends exposed. Nothing is said as it naturally arises in the mind. If a beauty goes to sleep, we are told

The angel of sleep hovers over her bed  
And shakes soporiferous dew on her head;  
Which causes her languishing eyelids to close  
And glues them together in gentle repose.

Here also we have a good specimen of another kind of ornament frequently lavished on this class of literature; mixed metaphor. At first something falls from the angels wings in the form of balmy dew; and yet in the same sentence it figures as the viscid gelatinous extract of buck's-horn! And many more such faults might be mentioned."

With regard to all these charges it may be remarked that as far as they are just, they only go to prove that we are poorly skilled in the art of affectation. For in truth most of our college essays are little more than ill-arranged collections of forced expressions. Written for a specified occasion and within a required time they are productions of mechanism rather than of thought; and therefore contain no expression of sentiment, no train of reasoning, in short nothing easy or natural. It is to supply the obvious deficiencies that fantastic colors are daubed on, and a gaudy dress is employed. This dress too, we acknowledge is generally ready-made before it is known what idea is to wear it. But when it comes to be used it must fit, if by no other means, by the free use of padding—and padding alone, for it never turns out too small. And sometimes it is not until the whole is thus decked out, that "we are all in a labor for a name for Goldy's play." This refutes the first charge about the selection of a subject. As to the name itself we may surely be excused for selecting one of a striking character; for we are not so presumptuous as to suppose ourselves independent of any little aid of that kind, and it is well known that "a name goes

a long way with this world." For the bold flights so much objected to, it must be remembered that we always retain a deep impression of the effects produced on us by others, and we observe that such flourishes as these have a powerful influence. By a fondness of imitating natural to man, we try to produce the same effects by similar means. We wish to make no ordinary impression and hence the constant use of superlatives.

We are unable to see why so much importance is attached to sentiment, connection, point, &c. Men have been talking sense a long time with very few listeners, while a great noise always draws attention whether it has much meaning or not. We aim at electrifying, and for this purpose a hollow ball is as good as a solid one. We cannot expect to have attention throughout a whole performance, and consequently give each line its own independent merit of pompous sound, so that like the Dictionary it may be interesting in detached portions. And who would say anything naturally, pen in hand? We know indeed how we would express ourselves in conversation; but here is the idea, we are writing, our style must be literary. We see nothing like off-hand expressions in the writings of great authors, nor can ours be expected to contain them. When we come to write we must change, we must elevate our style. Of course we will apply a metaphor whenever we can. And do we commit a great sin in sometimes mixing these metaphors? If

"Desinet in piscem mulier formosa superne,"

or if our figure

"seemed woman to the waist and fair  
But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
Voluminous and vast"—

would you call that *sin*? It is only varying the picture. Then there are many other faults that might be mentioned. This no doubt means that we write badly and in addition to that, do not write well. A sufficient apology for all this is the fact that we don't write what we feel or think, or rather don't feel or think at all on any particular subject. For it is feeling after all that gives activity to thought, forces eloquence on the stammering tongue, guides the pen in its graceful dashes and unconsciously

imparts all the beauties which art in vain strives to imitate. It is not really true that all the writings of the young are devoid of correctness, elegance, and even sublimity; for it is not true that all are without feeling. If they could only see some of our love-letters, they would no longer deny our power. And what makes this case much stronger is that these sublime effusions are generally from the pens of Freshmen. Between polling and other college amusements all such tender boyish feelings are overcome, by the time one has reached the higher classes. But the Freshman having lately left the sweet society of the fair ones, his cheek still glowing with the memory of the parting gift, continues for a while to entertain those powerful emotions which are the inspiration of poetry, and they breathe through his correspondence. This correspondence will abound with true eloquence. It may not be advisable for all to cherish the same sentiments with the aforesaid Freshman; but before writing be sure to feel something, think something, and then write and you will not be ashamed of the title

A YOUTHFUL WRITER.

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### THE INNER SHRINE.

The heart has one sweet, holy, spot,  
Veiled from all cold and careless eyes  
Around which cluster some bright joys  
Though mingled oft with tears, and sighs:  
Our dearest hopes are gathered there;  
There brilliant fancies rise unseen  
Though fleeting as the passing spell  
Of some bewildering, radiant dream.

Upon that sacred inner shrine  
Fond memory sheds a holy light  
And there, long severed links of love  
In tender truth again unite;  
Affection's pure and glowing lamp  
Doth ever that veiled shrine illumine  
With its unfading light that lives  
Through time and change, beyond the tomb.



Dear smiles and looks are garnered there,  
To muse upon in lonely hours,  
Sweet words that to the weary soul,  
Are like the evening dews to flowers ;  
E'en where the clouds of sorrow's night  
Enfolds the heart in shades of even,  
A star-beam from that inner shrine  
Will break, to breathe of Hope and Heaven.

T.

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LORD BACON.

We often pay the most exaggerated honor to men, by speaking every possible good concerning them, and silently passing over whatever we consider as unworthy of the highest eulogy. But the one grand requisite to give, or sufficiently comprehend a biography, lies in a knowledge of the times to which it refers. The standard of public regard is constantly changing. The character which two centuries since astonished men with their excellencies of mind, in the present age receive but a moderate share of praise. Thus arises a difficulty in eulogizing departed worth, as refinement progresses. Had he whose character we have under consideration existed some centuries ago, old Rome would have deemed no applause too loud, no laurels too costly, yea would have embodied him in columns of marble. While we find much in his entire course of life to deprecate, we are compelled to acknowledge in him, a peculiar combination unknown to any other. He will ever be associated with that fruitful scheme of mental emancipation, which unloosed the bridled capacities of man, and permitted them to soar untrammelled in the world of science. It was this bursting forth from the mists of philosophy, which for centuries had enveloped the continent, that resolved into practical use the theories of the schools. There seemed to flow from his mind perfect inundations of wisdom, which created astonishment to all. The world was guided by systems, which enervated the scholastic energies, pur-

rendered them almost powerless. Dogmas were disseminated, which if not destructive to, at least unsettled the minds of the most learned. Confusion reigned and it required the master spirit of Bacon, to regulate this intellectual chaos. Scarcely with him had the noontide of life arrived, ere he stood upon the acme of fame. Casting aside the idolized folios of the schools he employed that mighty enginery of action, *mind*, to accomplish his ends. We discover in all the undertakings of this man, the aspirations of a powerful mind, combating with difficulties proceeding from the circumstances of his age and country, and appearing in formidable array before him, yet contesting them with that obstinate perseverance, for which he was distinguished. He seemed instinctively to grasp the darkest mystery. His were the lightning flashes of intuition, and not the long and toilsome researches of the midnight lamp. When we contrast the study of nature as he found and left it, the consistency of a lofty panegyric is obvious. True indeed we view not in his character, those varied incidents which accompany the lives of eminent statesmen and warriors, but the foundation of a philosophy whose full and free development it were as vain to hinder, as for Xerxes to fetter the ocean. It uprooted the innumerable fallacies, scattered among the established opinions of men, and overthrew those specious errors which characterized the middle ages. Its further effects are seen in the present elevated condition of the world. But a dark side appears in the history of this extraordinary man; yet it must be acknowledged that envy and prejudice have most maliciously traduced him. His *smallest* faults have been "magnified into mountains." He was often placed in untoward circumstances, which tried his principles to the extreme. Yet indeed if principle is of any value, it will display itself in the hour of adversity; and we usually consider the man weak, who after resolving upon virtuous action, is turned therefrom by blasted hope and frustrated plans; but amid certain painful vicissitudes in life, coöperating with the depraved tendencies of our nature, a man although not justified may in a measure be palliated in his errors. Nothing less than the gigantic genius of Bacon could so far have overcome the pop-

ular prejudices, and opposing circumstances of the age, and reached that consummate elevation, which defied the competition of contemporaries and secured the reverence of succeeding ages. He stands as one brilliant luminary with his predecessors and, as yet, his successors surrounding him as satellites. The censure he has received perhaps may be mitigated when we consider him as standing on a dividing line, as the projector of a new and mighty scheme whose full accomplishment was left for other minds. His principles were the foundation of an eventual enlargement of the scale of morality although not perfect in themselves, yet subservient in producing the present condition of man.

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### THE SILENCE OF SUN SET.

'Tis evening hour ; the hour of calm repose ;  
The rustling breeze, has ceased to stir the green ;  
The setting sun still lingers as it goes,  
Like some one loath to leave a cherished scene.

The warbling birds have sung their merry notes  
Without a pause, from earliest dawn of day,  
But now they've ceased and not a murmur floats,  
To break the charm, spread by each lingering ray.

The cattle take a warning from the bird ;—  
As almost sad to end their daily roam,  
No lowing ox, no bleating lamb is heard ;  
But silently they wend their journey home.

The little violet, in its mossy bed  
Mourns that the sunny hours should be so few ;  
And sadly turns, and droops its fragrant head,  
With tear drops fill'd with chills evening dew.

The little urchin at the cottage door  
Stops in his play to call his mother there :  
And clasping in his hand her garment poor ;  
Asks how the sun can leave a scene so fair.

Is it not so? have you not often stood  
Upon some hill to see the orb go down?  
And in deep silence view'd the golden flood,  
Wondering at nature hush'd in every sound?

Like when, some loved one leaves this mortal sphere,  
And passes into realms beyond our view,  
We stand in silence, gazing o'er the bier;  
And think with grief upon his days so few.

So may we, when we reach our closing hour,  
Call forth from many such a silent tear;  
And not a cloud o'er our horizon lower  
To dim our lustre or create a fear.

B.

### THE INFLUENCE OF MYTHOLOGY.

In every age man has been constrained to acknowledge a God. Amidst the stupendous machinery of nature he has ever been forced to feel his own insignificance, and in its complicated workings to see the proofs of supreme intelligence. As he has looked upon the continuous production and reproduction of plants and vegetables and the increase of his own species, his mind has wandered back to the time when every thing must have had a beginning and he has been compelled to believe that an almighty power was exerted in their creation.

In obedience to these promptings of man's heart and the teachings of traditionary lore, we find in the mythology of every nation, some being to whom is ascribed the creation of the world. But traditions, handed down from generation to generation, concerning the unity of the God who revealed himself to our first parent, must necessarily have been weakened and soon destroyed by so many transitions. Left thus without a knowledge of the true God, viewing Him in the light of his own impotence, and comparing the Almighty to himself, man could not grasp the idea that One God was able to control and

guide the universe. He therefore in his ignorance, invented an innumerable company of Powers, to each of whom some part of the mighty task of ruling the world was assigned. Every hill, every stream, every tree had its protector—every man his guardian. Deified men, famous heroes, wise kings, and benefactors of their race, swelled the throng until its numbers became too great to be computed. Fearful lest one should be forgotten and his displeasure incurred, the Athenians built an altar to the "Unknown God."

That the belief of different nations, has a great effect in forming their distinct characters may be easily seen from a comparison of their mythologies. Among the ancient Grecians, the youth accustomed to hear, from the first dawn of their intellect, of the thundering Jupiter, the invincible Mars, the aegis-bearing Minerva, of the mighty deeds of the demi-gods, Hercules, Theseus and the Argonauts; acquired a taste for war which led them to seek glory by deeds of valor and daring only surpassed by the Heroes whom they revered. Thus for a time, we find that Greece was the most warlike nation of antiquity. Rome, too, whose mythology is so closely allied to that of its mighty parent, felt this same influence. Believing that their city was peculiarly under the care of the gods, and emulating the deeds of their Deities and Heroes, the Romans became the rulers of mankind. But when the world was subdued to their power and the temple of Janus was shut, when mysteries were introduced and the voluptuousness of the worship of Venus did away with that of Mars, when they no longer worshipped the stern old deities of their forefathers, the men of Rome lost their character for bravery. The luxury that enervates the mind, the vice that destroys the body succeeded to the harsh training and rigorous discipline which had fitted them to take the proud title of "conquerors of the universe," and imperial Rome fell beneath the hand of barbarians.

But nowhere is the effect of this influence more apparent than among the Scandinavians, the nations of the North. Though their mythology was not so refined as that of Greece and Rome, yet it far exceeded that, in the wildness and grandeur of its

characters and the picturesqueness of its incidents. When the clouds gathered darkly around the mountain-tops of that land of snow, when the wind came howling over the North Sea and the thunder reverberated fearfully in the heavens, the Northman listened to the rushing of the horses and the rumbling of the chariot-wheels of Thor, the mighty warrior, the slayer of giants, whose hammer, wielded by his terrible arm, none could resist. Odin, the king of their deities, delighted in war and was ever present amid the din of combat. The very occupation of their gods in their Valhalla was to fight mimic battles and perform deeds of might. The souls of those who died on the field of strife fighting valiantly, were received into the halls of the blessed, where they forever feasted, quaffing their mead from the skulls of their vanquished enemies, leaving the banquet only to try their strength in single combat. Every thing connected with their mythology was in some way also connected with war. Such ideas as these instilled into the minds of the youth, made them the restless rovers of the sea, the terrible Vikings whose memorials are left on the vine-clad hills of France as well as on the snow-wreathed craters of Iceland and Greenland; who ventured boldly across the western waters and discovered the New World, long before the wool-comber's son of Genoa originated the project which has immortalized his name.

Poetry and the fine arts are indebted to Mythology, if not for their very existence, at least for their cultivation and improvement. No higher or nobler theme could be given to the old poets than the mighty deeds of their deities. It was a subject that never could be exhausted. The *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Æneid* need hardly be mentioned, as every one knows that they are the very embodiment of Mythology. The *Eddas* of the Northmen and the *Shasters* of the Hindoos and Persians are products of the same fruitful field. Even poets of the present day, go back to its unfailing fountains and draw thence deep draughts of inspiration. To see its influence on the fine arts, we have only to remember that the best statues and the finest paintings of the old masters are the impersonations of Mythology. So long as such prodigies of art as the *Apollo*

Belvidere, the Venus di Medici remain as proofs of the genius and skill of their makers, so long will they also prove that the full effect of that genius and skill would have been lost to the world without the inviting subjects that every mythological tale offered to their use.

This effect however it did not produce among the Scandinavians. Those stern old heroes never exchanged the sword and mace of the warrior for the hammer and chisel of the sculptor. But its influence is again perceived in their poetry. Their first poetical works were the histories of their gods. Every warrior was a poet. As he retired victorious from the toil of battle, or as he sat at the banquet, his hand waked the music of his rude harp while he sang the praises of the gods and his renowned ancestors. Their poetry was suitable to these subjects, abounding with wild and majestic images, pithy and forcible expressions.

But our admiration of the beauties of mythology should not cause us to forget that its influence was for evil as well as for good. By the time that has elapsed since its influence was so predominant we are led to pass over the disgusting impurities and barbarous cruelty which characterized its worship and to remember only the wild fancies and splendid effects of its invention. But should we study the injury it did by awaking man's evil passions and spreading vice and immorality as well as the good which it effected, we should be thankful that on our altars the blood of no human sacrifice has ever been shed, that the rites of our religion are pure and holy; that the "Lord our God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and truth."

M.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

We again present our readers with the contributions to the Nassau Literary. Could we now put aside the *emblems* of our office, we should appear before you with a more joyful heart, and happier face: but no, our *trouble* is just commencing. What! is entreating for articles, dunning delinquents, and performing the hundred other duties of the office, is all this no trouble? Yea verily. But what is this compared with *making* an editors' table, that every body reads, that every body criticises, and that every body must be pleased with? Nothing, absolutely nothing—an atom weighed against the universe—Tittlebat Tittmouse against Wouter Van Twiller. We hold that the custom which compels us to "spread the table" merely for the amusement of our readers, is a barbarous and tyrannical one, no doubt raked up by some antiquarian editor, from the ashes of the schoolmen, (who, it is well known, *could* write nonsense,) and superstitiously adopted and religiously observed by all succeeding generations. It is at least a woful deviation from the good old way of the "Fathers of the Monthly," of placing on the last page, "Notices to Correspondents." e. g.

A. Style too animated for such an Aesthetical subject.

B. All bombast and nonsense.

C. Came too late for publication, &c., &c.

This was useful and necessary, and *of course* right. But what shall we say of the man, who first broke over the boundaries of propriety and common sense, that he might parade his smartness? Nothing. He's not worth talking about.

After the somewhat lengthy experience of a month, we have come to the conclusion that "getting out a monthly" is great "vexation of spirit" and "much weariness of the flesh." But is it not even so with all things earthly? "Sic est vita." That one has lived to little purpose in this world, who has not often felt that all is vanity, and in bitterness of soul cried out, "Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness." What is the world after all? What are its honors, its praises, its friendships? what its disgrace, its censure, its hatred? Who cares for these? If any, let him cast cares at the winds. "If not, what then?" Therefore, as the preacher said to the parish clerk when there happened to be nobody present to hear him preach, "It behooves us to bear with becoming fortitude the cares and responsibilities of this very curious world. For I am partly inclined to the opinion, and with reverence be it spoken, that this world is made up of the shreds and clippings of the other planets which accounts most satisfactorily for the *dirt* that is in it, for the



great variety of soil and surface, and by consequence for the many different kinds of people who *spring* up in it, and are *nourished* by it.

While indulging in some such thoughts as these, we received the following piece which we therefore publish entire :

#### THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Now mark that wight of rueful face,  
Stern Hypo leads him many a chase,  
And all the melanchololy race,  
Near drive him mad.

To roast on martyr's fiery bed,  
To dare the dreadful gorgon's head,  
By tyrant woman to be led,—  
Were not as bad,

As t'writhe 'neath Hypo's iron hand,  
While all his foul infernal band,  
In devilish glee around you stand,  
To mock your groans.

Consumption with her elfin face,  
The first of all the goblin race,  
With long finger marks your place,  
'Mong mouldring bones.

Nauseous Dyspepsia then draws near,  
To fright you from your table cheer,  
And points to coffin, shroud and bier,  
As your last dole.

The Liver Imp plies fast his scourge,  
As to the grave your footsteps urge,  
And grinning shrieks unearthly dirge,  
With bat and mole.

Gout comes along with tottering pace,  
And chuckles at each new grimace,  
And points your straining, anxious gaze,  
To the cold tomb.

Next Cancer comes, and then you feel  
Limbs lopped with saws, flesh carved with steel,  
The while, your most unearthly squeal,  
Provokes his mirth.

Old Rheum, remorseless, twists awry  
Your limbs, till e'en your selfish eye,  
Marks that when confined you cant lie  
Straight in the earth.

Lumbago claps you on the back,  
And gives you such a hearty smack,  
That nothing can relieve alack,  
'Till death relieve you.

A host of other nameless imps,  
Around you in confusion limp,  
A ghastly throng of Barebone's pimps,  
That ever grieve you.

Despair with ready halter stands,  
 Rat's bane and dagger in his hands,  
 And from the trembling wretch demands,  
 His worthless life.

He hesitates. And see, poor pug,  
 Has smelled the milk in baby's mug,  
 Pops in his head, but vain the tug,  
 To free himself again.

He laughs at mirth like monkish verse,  
 Which mitred priests in pomp rehearse,  
 Old Hypo's gloomy train disperse.  
 And "Richard's himself again."

During the past week the celebrated Swiss bell-ringers have been delighting the citizens of this place, with their truly wonderful performances; yet we venture to affirm, they produced far less excitement, than a company of Campanalogians, whom we heard a few evenings since. And here a melancholy thought steals over us that very soon we shall have heard the "Old Bell" for the last time. Its tones may now fall harshly upon us all and we may wish to hurry away from the reach of its summoning voice; yet we shall soon find the *outside* world different from our own; and sickened by its hollow-heartedness, and wearied by its ceaseless din of strife and contention, we shall long for the happiness and peaceful quiet of our college days. May we find them in objects and scenes, more permanent and abiding.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We formerly entertained a doubt of the *morality* of reviewing articles designed for publication; in our simplicity we thought it was a heartless, unfeeling act, doing more harm than good. Our doubts were all removed however by the suggestion of a kind friend that "Job was a reviewer;" and sure enough we find in his writings this strange expression, "Oh! that mine adversary had written a book." Of course the interpretation of this passage belongs rather to the "commentator than the philologist;" yet we believe our friend was right.

We received an article from a Freshman, entitled the Union, accompanied by two notes, containing directions for *taking, using, &c.* The writer certainly possesses a "poetical genius;" at least, if that may be said of one, whose poetry is much better than his prose. A few of the verses are very creditable to a beginner; this, as he very modestly observes, being his "first public piece ever written."

"Is disunion the password, and shall it e'er be  
 That our country shall fall like a storm riven tree,  
 Shall that spirit in Heaven, our own Washington,  
 E'er lament the sad day, when our glory is gone."

As respects the *composition*, the chief faults are in the *rhythmical construction*, and the *injudicious selection of words*.

"And shall that noble bird whose bright plumage gleams  
Like a shield for our country who exultingly screams.

God forgive the harsh thought that our once happy land  
May yet feel the hard grasp of a despotic hand."

Freshman! take a friend's advice:—Improve your prose, and dont meddle with rhyme-making, at least until you become a Senior. In obedience to Aristotle's law, "that every peice must have a beginning, middle, and end," we subjoin the last stanza, which by the way is also the best.

"But this fate cannot be. There's a spirit above  
Watches over our steps, with a fatherly love.  
At the portals of Heaven will Washington stand  
To repulse and to wither each uplifted hand.

"Brutus." We are sorry that we cannot publish your letter entire. We shall however give one extract for the *improvement* of our readers.

"But for all this, I do believe there is nothing that strikes the reflecting mind more forcibly, than the very slight contingencies upon which great events are suspended in their incipency. From the days of Mr. Adam, down to the days of Euclid, and from the days of Euclid to those of Columbus, and from Columbus to those of old Nassau, all the great results have grown out of the most trivial circumstances, (apparently) that could be imagined.

Suppose (as Ballard has it,) Mother Eve had not yielded to temptation; or suppose her majesty, Pharaoh's amiable daughter had not taken that morning excursion, the time she discovered "little Mosey" in the bushes, or had not taken the precaution to conceal him from her father, what would have been the condition of the children of Israel? Or suppose the parents of Columbus, like those of Tristram Shandy's, on that *memorable* night, had been interrupted by his mother requesting the old gentleman at that particular moment, to wind up the clock; and so "coold" his ardor, that Christopher would have been less daring and ambitious, where, oh! where would you and I be now; and with all solemnity I ask what would be the condition of our lovely country.

Nothing new "to hum." Markets are dull. Buckwheat has a tendency to rise but remains *flat*. The report of the rise in pork is all "smoke." Parsneps are up in the morning, down at noon and out at night, So we go. The shades of evening speak admonishingly, and I must close with remarking that if any one asks who sent this, tell him from yours, "to be or not to be."

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

We received the following communication on all fool's day, and partly on that account, but especially for the personal interest we have in the last line, we shall publish it.

MR. EDITOR—Good night to the muses. Hoping this unfledged bird, may find a nest in thy bosom, I hesitatingly release it from a parents fond protection. It may one day be an eagle whose flight shall know no bound: so beware how thou sacrificest it upon the altar of literary ambition. My feelings overpower me. Fare thee well but not forever.

#### THE FRESHMAN'S REPOSE.

The Freshman sat at night in his great arm chair  
And gathered tight around him was his wrapper—  
He thought perhaps of some loved but distant fair.  
As dimly glowed the light from his burning taper.  
How cold the night! he said, how chill the wind!  
As it comes sweeping forth from the icy North  
How sad I feel, and how depressed of mind,  
As I think of my lovely, my blooming South,  
Then sank his head low on his heaving chest,  
Closed were his eye-lids in sleeps repose  
As thus, after toiling all day; he sunk to rest  
To dream of what—of whom—who knows?  
Oh! Freshman may thy rest be always calm as now  
And light thy heart and free from heavy care!  
May ne'er a wrinkle cross thy noble brow  
But may the bay or laurel flourish there.  
Let not the dreams of youth thy step beguile  
Nor think too trustingly of woman's coquetry,  
But test her heart before thou trust her smile  
For she will spread a net wherein to catch the

BYRON assisted by MARY T. BURNS.

The writer touched us on a weak point, or he would not find the "Freshman's repose" so quiet and undisturbed.

R. A. E. This production evinces great merit, but, we are very sorry to tell the fair author, it came *too late*.

And now kind readers our task is done. That you may enjoy as much pleasure in reading this, as we had trouble in putting it together, is the parting wish of the  
EDITOR.

#### TO OUR EXCHANGES.

We have received two numbers of the "Amherst Indicator," the "Randolph Macon" and "Jefferson Monument" for February, the "Georgia University" for March, and the regular numbers of the "Boston Evening Gazette" and "Erskine Miscellany." Where is the "Light of Home."